

ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

IN THE PACK TRAIN MYSTERY



ROY, MY PACK TRAIN FROM THE OUTSIDE IS DUE IN ABOUT NOW. WE MIGHT TAKE A LOOK FROM THIS RIM ROCK!

WITH PAT BRADY AND PIKE BANNERMAN, A LOCAL RANCHER TURNED BUSINESSMAN, ROY HAS RIDDEN A LITTLE WAY OUT OF GOLD RANCH.



THERE IT COMES, ROY—GOING TO PASS RIGHT BELOW THIS RIM!

THOSE TWO MULES BEHIND THE LEAD MARE—WHAT ARE THEY PACKING, PIKE?



A PIANO, ROY—FOR MY DAUGHTER, WHO MARRIED HARRISON PURDIN! A REAL PIANO!



AS ROY AND HIS COMPANIONS WATCH FROM ABOVE, THE HEAD OF THE PACK TRAIN REACHES THE NARROWEST PART OF THE TRAIL.



HEEE-UHH!

UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS LOAD, THE REAR MULE'S HOOFB TRY IN VAIN TO GRIP THE CRUMBLING PATH!

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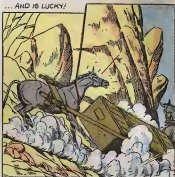
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

THEY'LL KILL
THEMSELVES--
AND WRECK
THE PIANO!
DRAT THAT
PACKER--JOE!
JOE! GRAB
'EM!



AS PIKE SHOUTS FRANTIC ORDERS TO THE
MAN IN CHARGE, ROY SWINGS HIS LOOP...

... AND IS LUCKY!



IS HE UP
YET, PIKE?

YUP! BOTH
MULES ON THE
TRAIL NOW, ROY!
EASE UP!

PIANO IS SAFE--BUT NOW,
BLAME IT ALL, MY WAGONS AND
STAGECOACH WILL HAVE TO TAKE
THE LONG TRAIL AROUND.

WAGONS? STAGE-
COACH? PIKE
BANNERMAN,
HAVE YOU LOST
YOUR MIND?



THERE ISN'T A TRAIL INTO THE
GULCHES THAT ANY WAGON CAN
FOLLOW--AND YOU KNOW IT! THAT'S
WHY YOU GULCHERS HAVE BEEN
LIVING THE WAY YOU DID A
HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

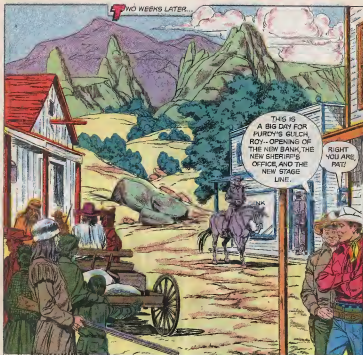


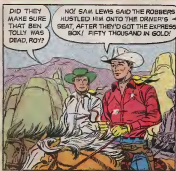
UH-HUH!
THAT'S ONE
REASON, ROY!
BUT WE'RE
GOING TO BE
CIVILIZED
NOW!

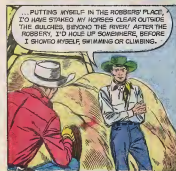
ONCE I GET 'EM INSIDE THE THREE
GULCHES, MY WAGONS AND STAGECOACH CAN
ROLL! I'M PACKING THE WHEELS, RUNNING
GEAR AND BOODIES IN ON MULE BACK!



TWO WEEKS LATER...









WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUT WHEN WE GET CLOSE. IT'S A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD FORT UP AND SHOOT IT OUT--IF THEY'RE THERE!



WAIT! I SMELL SMOKE, ROY! AND WE'RE PRETTY CLOSE!

THEN YOU WERE RIGHT, HARRISON! WHAT NOW?



WE'LL CUT AROUND THEM, ROY! AND CROSS THE RIVER!



WOW! THE CURRENT HERE IS SURE SWIFT, HARRISON! IF WE DRIFT MUCH FARTHER DOWN--

NO DANGER OF THEIR SEEING US, PAT! WE'RE WAY UPSTREAM!



I KNOW ABOUT WHERE THEY'LL CROSS--AFTER DARK!



THE NIGHT SETTLES DOWN...

THIS IS THE ONLY SPOT WHERE YOU COULD SEE THEIR FIRE!

IT'S FUNNY THAT THEY WOULD RACK POOR BEN TOLLY'S BODY ALL THAT WAY!

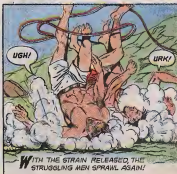
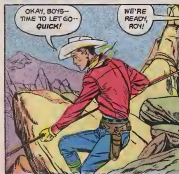


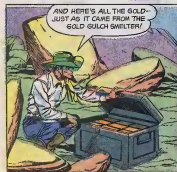
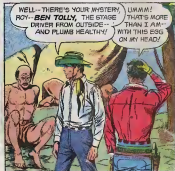
FROM THE DIMNESS ON THE OTHER SHORE THREE FIGURES EMERGE, CARRYING A RAFT--WHICH APPEARS HEAVY.



AS THEY PUSH OFF THE MUTTER OF VOICES RISES ABOVE THE RUSHING WATER.







Roy Rogers'
Horse
TRIGGER

AND

THE LITTLE
WILD COLT



WITH PINTO JACK QUITE RECOVERED FROM HIS INJURY, RECEIVED IN THEIR ESCAPE FROM HORSE HUNTERS, HE AND **TRIGGER** MOVE FARTHER INTO THE SAGEBRUSH DESERT, FOLLOWING A WATER COURSE.



THE PEACE AND QUIET HERE IS ALMOST MONOTONOUS! A ROAD RUNNER, DARTING ACROSS FROM BUSH TO BUSH IS THE NEAREST THING TO EXCITEMENT.

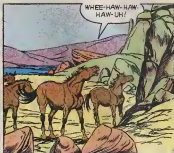


THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THE LAND LEVEL AS A FLOOR, BREAKS INTO SPACE!



BELOW THEM IS A LITTLE BOX CANYON, INTO WHICH THE STREAM POURS A WHITE WATERFALL.

A GUST OF RISING AIR BRINGS TRIGGER THE SCENT OF STRANGE HORSES BELOW...



...AND LOOKING DOWN, AT THE CANYON'S FLOOR, HE SEES THEM! THEIR ANSWERING VOICES ARE FRIENDLY.



BUT, TROTTING ALONG THE RIM, TRIGGER CAN SEE NO SAFE WAY DOWN--AND CERTAINLY NO WAY THE STRANGERS COULD CLIMB UP!



BUT PINTO JACK SPOTS A POCKET OF GOOD GRASS, WHERE THE RIM HAS CRUMBED LONG AGO TO FORM A LITTLE SHELF.



THE SMALL SHELF HARDLY HOLDS ENOUGH GRASS FOR A GOOD MEAL! BUT NEAR THE OUTER EDGE...



...JACK FINDS A FEW CHOICE BUNCHES. HE REACHES FARTHER AND FARTHER.



EEE-OUGH!

SUDDENLY, THE EARTH GIVES WAY! WITH A SCREAM OF FRIGHT, THE PINTO STARTS SLIDING.



BAW-AW-
AWNHH!

END OVER END, HE TUMBLES TO THE BOTTOM...



U-U-UNNNH!

...AND LIES THERE, GROANING!



WHEE-HEE-
HEE-UH?

U-U-UNNNH!

TO TRIGGER'S ANXIOUS CALL, ONLY MORE SICKENING GROANS REPLY.



WHEE-HEE-
HEE-HEE!

LOYALTY TO HIS FRIEND CONQUERS TRIGGER'S CAUTION! DELIBERATELY, HE TAKES THE SLIDE!



WHAUGH!
BARRH!

SNEEZING AND SNORTING IN THE DUST, HE ARRIVES!



SENSING AT ONCE THAT JACK IS FAR MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT, TRIGGER NUDGES HIM, URSING HIM UP--WITHOUT RESULT!



TRIGGER LOSES PATIENCE! THIS "SCARED-TO-DEATH" BUSINESS IS AN OLD STUNT, AND THERE IS ONE SURE CURE FOR IT--A PINCHED EAR!



WITH AN ACCUSING LOOK, JACK STRUGGLES UP TO HIS FEET--TO TRIGGER'S AMUSEMENT.



A HORSE GREETING SOUNDS FROM A LITTLE DISTANCE--THE WILD HORSES! A SCRUBBY LOT...



... AND ONLY *HALF* THE SIZE OF ORDINARY HORSES! ONE OF THEM SPORTS A SCRABBY MOUSTACHE OF CACTUS SPINES!



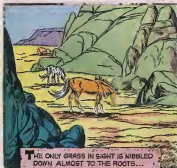
TRIGGER KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS--FOR ONLY A STARVED HORSE WILL EAT CACTUS!



AT PINTO JACK'S LOUD SNORT OF DISGUST THE LITTLE WILD HORSES STARTLE, AND TURN...



... TO RUN FOR SHELTER AMONG THE TREES! PECULIAR TREES--WITH LEAVES AND EVEN BRANCHES BROWSED OFF AS HIGH AS A LITTLE HORSE CAN REACH.



THE ONLY GRASS IN SIGHT IS NIBBLED DOWN ALMOST TO THE ROOTS...



... EXCEPT A BUNCH OR TWO ABOVE THE REACH OF LITTLE HORSES! TRIGGER HAS JUST ONE THOUGHT NOW--TO LOOK FOR A WAY OUT!



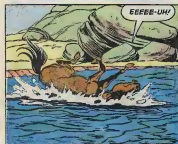
AS PINTO JACK DANDLES BEHIND, TRIGGER MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE--A COMICAL LITTLE WILD COLT! THE YOUNGSTER IS CERTAINLY FRIENDLY...



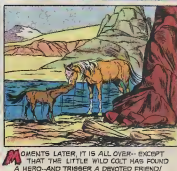
... AND HE STICKS TO TRIGGER LIKE A BURR! FOR A WHILE, TRIGGER PAYS HIM LITTLE ATTENTION--LOOKING FOR AN EXIT THAT IS NOT THERE.



THE COOL, RUSHING CURRENT FEELS GOOD TO TRIGGER'S LEGS! BUT TO THE COLT, WATER THIS DEEP IS SOMETHING NEW!

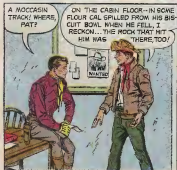
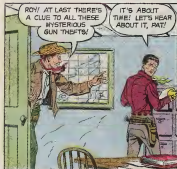
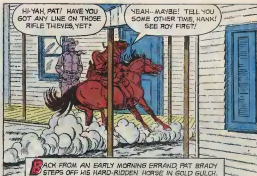


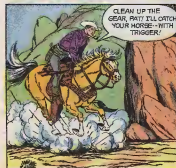
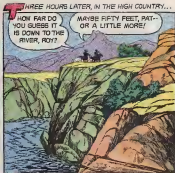
A SLIPPERY STONE DOES THE TRICK! WITHOUT WARNING, THE YOUNGSTER IS FLOUNDERING, CAUGHT BY THE CURRENT...

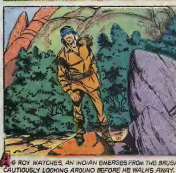


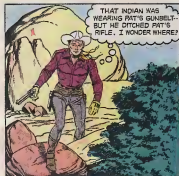
ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

IN
LEAP FOR LIFE









THAT INDIAN WAS WEARING PAT'S GUNBELT-- BUT HE DITCHED PAT'S RIFLE. I WONDER WHERE?



THAT BOULDER-- HMM...! IT JUST MIGHT COVER A HOLE.



I GUESSED RIGHT! UGH!



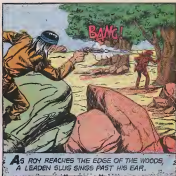
THE STOLEN RIFLES-- A REGULAR ARSENAL! PLENTY OF SHELLS, TOO!

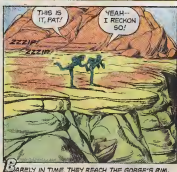
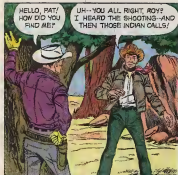


I'LL BORROW THIS-- AND NOW I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE WHAT TO DO.



I CAN'T CARRY ALL THESE GUNS AWAY, BUT I CAN MAKE THEM USELESS FOR THE TIME BEING-- BY DROPPING ALL THE SHELLS DOWN THIS CRACK! IT'S DEEP!





HOLD YOUR
NOSE, PAT!

I SURE
HOPE THE
WATER'S
DEEP!



WITH A HEAVY, DOUBLE SPLASH, THEY DISAPPEAR...



...TO FIGHT THEIR WAY UPWARD, MOMENTS LATER.



ROY,
WHERE--?

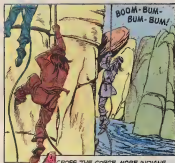
UNDER THE OVER-
HANG--QUICK--BEFORE THEY
START POTTING AT US!



WE'RE OUT OF
RANGE NOW, ROY!..

...TILL THEY
GET TO THE
OTHER RIM!





A CROSS THE GORGE, MORE INDIANS CLIMB DOWN TO SEARCH THE RIVER. ALL ARE ARMED!



...I THINK THEY STOLE RIFLES TO HUNT WITH--AND TO MAKE THEM FEEL MORE EQUAL TO THE REST OF US! THEY AIMED TO HIDE THE WEAPONS UNTIL WE WHITES QUIT SEARCHING FOR THEM. BUT NOW THEY'RE AFRAID THERE WILL BE WAR--IF WE LIVE TO TELL.



ROY, WHAT DID THOSE BACK-OF-BEYOND WAR-KHOOPS WANT TO STEAL THOSE RIFLES FOR, AND THEN HIDE THEM? WERE THEY FIXING FOR A MASSACRE?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO, PAT...



IN THAT CASE YOU'D BETTER LET ME HAVE SOME EXTRA SHELLS, ROY! THEY'LL FIND US, SOONER OR LATER.

I RECHON SO, TOO, PAT! MAYBE WE CAN KEEP 'EM OFF THE SHELF TILL DARK, AND THEN TAKE TO THE RIVER AGAIN!

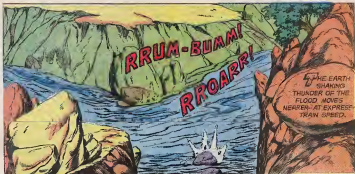


BUT SUDDENLY, NATURE TAKES A HAND! FROM UP RIVER COMES THE DREADED ROAR OF A FLASH FLOOD--BORN OF ANOTHER CLOUDBURST IN THE HILLS!



BIG WATER COMING FAST! CLIMB!

CHIEF THREE RAVENS GRUNTS A COMMAND.



RRUM-BUM!
RROARR!

THE EARTH
SHAKING
THUNDER OF THE
FLOOD MOVES
NEARER--AT EXPRESS
TRAIN SPEED.



BRROOM!

BUT THE LAST INDIAN
IS UP ON THE SHELF
AS IT ROARS PAST!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS, THREE
RAVENS--AND ALL OF YOU!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

UHHH!

THEN ROY'S VOICE CUTS THROUGH
THE TUMULT OF WATERS.



THIS BRAVE WILL HAVE TO
STAND TRIAL, THREE RAVENS.
BECAUSE YOU HAVE COOPER-
ATED, I WILL SET YOU FREE--
IF YOU PROMISE TO CALL OFF
THESE

YOU HAVE THREE
RAVENS' PLEDGE--IF
YOU ALSO PLEDGE
TO HELP MY PEOPLE
BUY RIFLES FOR
HUNTING.

SUN-STEALING
RAIDS!



AGREO--AND I THINK THE
GULCHERS WILL BE GLAD TO
SELL YOU RIFLES FOR THAT
PURPOSE. GOODBYE CHIEF--
I LEAVE IN

YOU ARE JUST
FAREWELL, WHITE
PEACEMAKER!

PEACE!

THE SHAMED CHIEF TELLS ROY WHICH BRAVE
FELLED CAL BANNERMAN, THEN...

BREED OF THE PIONEERS

COURAGE

"Wolf tracks!" exclaimed Ted, reining his horse. He pointed down and Ronnie saw the pawprints too. "Must be the varmint," continued Ted, "that's been raiding my Dad's sheep. Let's follow the tracks."

Ronnie gulped. "But what if—if we meet the wolf?" he stammered.

"We won't," promised Ted. "They're too smart to be seen. But maybe we can find his lair and tell my Dad. He'll trap him. Let's go, Ronnie."

Ronnie jogged after Ted with misgivings. The two young cousins were a sharp contrast. Sun-bronzed and sturdy, Ted was born to the West and its wildness. From the East, Ronnie was on his first visit to the ranch, a rank tenderfoot.

Ronnie's horse shied suddenly, as a furred form streaked out of the brush.

"Wolf!" screeched Ronnie, sawing wildly at his reins.

"Naw, just a little old jackrabbit," scoffed Ted. "He's more scared than you are."

Ronnie turned red. Ted had been too nice to rub it in before, but now he was losing respect for his panicky cousin.

"I don't blame him," thought Ronnie miserably, "for thinking I'm the worst scaredy-cat living, without an ounce of courage."

Ted had been peering down as they jogged along, following the wolf trail. "The tracks are heading toward the falls," he announced.

"There's a dangerous whirlpool at the bottom of the falls," reminded Ronnie, reining up. "Your Dad forbade us to ever go there, Ted."

"But I hate to lose lairing the wolf," said Ted eagerly, dismounting and tying his horse. "I'm going on. You can stay here if you're afraid."

Ronnie couldn't refuse the dare or Ted would hardly have a shred of respect left for him. The two boys followed the tracks

to the edge of the thundering falls.

Ted pointed to a series of stones crossing the stream, skirting the whirlpool beyond. "The wolf must have skipped along them. Maybe his cave is on the far bank. Game to go on, Ronnie?"

Ronnie nodded dumbly, wishing he had never agreed to his foolhardy venture. But it was too late to back out. Ted leaped lightly from stone to stone, seemingly unaware of how close they would pass to the deadly whirlpool.

Glancing at the whirling water, Ronnie swayed dizzily. Suddenly he lost his balance and fell in, yelling. It was only the outer fringe of the whirlpool but Ronnie felt its powerful pull. He was dragged along, thrashing wildly.

Ted had leaped back and dived in. He grabbed Ronnie's shirt. With smooth strong strokes, he swam away from the whirlpool, dragging Ronnie with him.

"Thanks, Ted," gasped Ronnie as they crawled safely to shore.

"Forget it," shrugged Ted. But on the way home he looked worried.

Ted's father saw their soaked clothes. "Ted! You didn't disobey me and go to the falls? Well, did you?"

Ted only hung his head, unable to tell the truth and meet his father's wrath.

Ronnie spoke up without flinching. "Yes, we did, sir. We trailed a wolf across the stones. I fell in. Ted saved me from the whirlpool. But I'm as guilty as he is for going there."

Sternly, Ted's father announced their punishment—staying home and missing the rodeo the next day. But then his eyes softened. "Anyway, you both did a brave thing and I'm proud of you boys for that."

Ronnie was puzzled. "Ted jumped in the whirlpool to save me. But I didn't do anything brave."

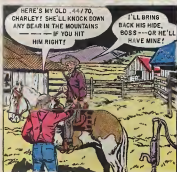
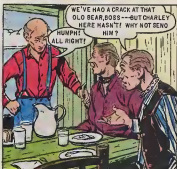
"Speaking up and admitting where you went took just as much courage," said Ted's father.

"More," said Ted, honestly. "Gosh, Ronnie, that took courage that I didn't have!"

"Gosh!" was all Ronnie could say, happily.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES





"I WAS RIDING UP-WIND TO THE PLACE WHERE THE DEAD COW WAS, WHEN MY PINTO BALKED AND SNORTED."



"I GOT HER FULL IN MY SIGHTS, BUT JUST AS THAT OLO .44/70 WENT OFF, MY POOL HORSE REARED! HE WAS SO GUN-SHY THAT LIFTING MY GUN SPOOKED HIM!"



"THIS LAST JUMP LANCED HIM MORE THAN HALF WAY ACROSS THAT BOTTOMLESS, GRASS-COVERED MUO HOLE!"



"JUST BY LUCK THE GRIZZLY WAS THERE--- A BIG SILVERTIP! SHE RAISED UP, BLINKING HER SQUINTY LITTLE EYES..."



"THE NOISE OF THE SHOT OROVE HIM CRAZY! BUCKING LIKE AN OUTLAW, AND BLIND TO EVERYTHING AROUND, HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR A MUO SPRING!"



"AND, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THAT OLO BEAR WAS COMING AT US --- -- -- FAST!"



"I GOT IN ONE SHOT AS THE BRUTE REACHED THE
EDGE OF THE MUD SPRING --- BUT IT DIDN'T
STOP HER!"



"ONLY THE MUD SLOWED HER UP --- AND MY
NEXT SHOT HAD TO BE MY LAST!"



"THE NEXT JOB WAS TO GET MY HORSE OUT OF THE BOG! I DID IT BY RAVELING OUT HALF MY SADDLE ROPE AND
MAKING THE DEAD BEAR CLAW HIM BEHIND! HE REALLY WORKED TO GET FREE THEN!"



ANYHOW, CHAILEY, YOU
MADE GOOD YER BRAG TO THE
OTHERS --- THAT YOU'D
KILL THE BEAR...

NO, PETE,
I DIDN'T! AND
THAT'S WHAT
HURT!



YOU SEE, WHEN I GOT BACK WITH A TEAM
AND SOME OF THE BOYS, TO PULL THAT DEAD
GRIZZLY OUT, THERE WASN'T ANY BEAR IN
SIGHT! THE MUD SPRING HAD SWALLOW-
ED HER UP!



relatives of the horse



One of man's most ancient friends is the burro or donkey. This little animal is used to carry heavy burdens. The burro is the prospector's favorite animal. His tiny size and his sure-footedness make him the ideal animal for mountain country and he has great strength in proportion to his size. He needs very little water and food and so can travel long distances in desert country where a horse could never go.

The mule is half-horse and half-donkey. Despite the fact that one of his parents is a donkey, he is as large or larger than a horse. The mule's chief advantage is his stubbornness and his great, sure-footed strength. He will NOT work if he is too tired and knows he will hurt himself. He would rather lie down and die than be forced to work when he feels he cannot. Until he reaches this point, the mule is almost always a willing helper, very strong and intelligent. But this "stubborn" quality prevents inexperienced men from overworking him as has often been done with horses. The mule also seems able to stand higher temperatures than horses while doing heavy work. This is why he is a favorite draft animal in the hot southern states.



Most people think of ponies as tiny animals often seen at carnivals and as the ideal "first mount" for children. In fact, the pony did important work in mines before miners learned to use electric and steam power to operate the mine's railway. These tiny, brave-hearted animals were hitched to mine carts and pulled hundreds of pounds of ore in one load. The mine passages were too small for horses or mules in many old mines, particularly in English coal mines, and the handy, small pony became the miner's favorite draft animal.

The zebra is truly a wild animal. He is almost as big as the average horse, has good hard bones and a great deal of strength. Just why no one has ever succeeded in using him for riding or for pulling wagons is not known. Though a few have been trained to perform a few short periods in circuses, none has ever done any hard work for man as horses and mules could be trained to work, they would be of little use to people living in hot countries. They are also subject to many of the tropical diseases that make horses of this type scarce in Africa and other hot climates.



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DELL

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ROY ROGERS

TRIGGER

